canst not tell why ones nose stands in the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keep his eyes on either side his nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong!

Foole. Canst tell how an Oyster makes his shell.

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neyther; but I can tell why a snayle has a house.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why to put his head in, not to giue it away vnto his daughter, and leaue his hornes without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature, so kinde a father; bee my horses ready?

Foole. Thy Asses are gone about them; the reason why the seuen starres are no more then seuen, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight.

Foole. Yes, thou wouldst make a good foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce; monster, ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my foole Nunckle, Ide haue thee beaten for being olde before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou shouldst not haue beene olde, before thou hadst beene wise.

Lear. O let me not be mad sweete heauen! I would not bee mad, keepe me in temper, I would not bee mad; are the Horses ready?

Seruant. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come boy. *Exit.*

Foole. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, except things be cut shorter. *Exit.*

Enter Bastard, and Curan meetes him.

Bast. Saue thee *Curan.*

Curan. And you sir, I haue beene with your father, and giuen him notice, that the Duke of *Cornwall* and his Dutchesse will be here with him to night.

Bast. How comes that?

Curan.

Curan. Nay I know not, y
I meane the whisperd ones, f
guments.

Bast. Not, I pray you wha

Curan. You may then in t

Bast. The Duke be here t
it selfe perforce into my bu
take my brother, & I haue o
E
must aske breefenesse and
cend brother I say, my fathe
gence is giuen where you
uantage of the night, haue
Cornwall ought, hee's comi
and *Regan* with him, haue
gainst the Duke of *Albany*

Edg. I am sure on't not a

Bastard. I heare my fath
must draw my sword vpon
quit you well, yeeld, come
flie brother flie, torches, to
on me would beget opinio
seene drunkards do more
stop, no helpe?
En

Glost. Now *Edmund*, whe

Bast. Heere stood he in t
ling of wicked charmes, co
cious Mistris.

Glost. But where is he?

Bast. Looke sir, I bleed

Glost. Where is the villa

Bast. Fled this way sir,

Glost. Pursue him, go af

Bast. Perswade me to t
I tolde him the reuengiue

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34